The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIV. BOSTON, MAY, 1906. No. 12

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 12.

COMMUNION HYMN 141
THE DAILY LIFE 141
THE STILL HOUR 142
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 143
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: ONE STANDARD FOR BOTH SEXES 145
NATURAL HISTORY: A STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH 146
BIOGRAPHY: "THE GOOD LORD SHAFTESBURY" . 147
LETTERS OF A SISTER: BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES 149
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 150
IMPORTANT NOTICES 152

COMMUNION HYMN.

Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide:
Inspired by love he lived and taught;
Inspired by love he died.

Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

—*Anonymous.*

THE DAILY LIFE.

EXTRACT FROM SERMON.

Perhaps we may now come at a better conception of true culture. It includes much more than the development of intellect, taste and imagination. It calls for all those qualities that fit us to live together, in the family and in all human relations, wisely, usefully and happily. It calls for a quick sense and clear perception of "the things of others." It calls for the training of heart, mind, and hand for whatever part we may bear in the common life.

Can you see any reason why the spirit which makes good manners possible in a parlor, may not prevail in the kitchen, on the street, in business, trade and politics? Do we really get ahead any better by crowding and hustling, by bullying and bruising each other, or by scornful indifference and hauteur?

In all our plans and methods of living we must make room for each other, as we do at the table or in the street car; we must always have an eye to the comfort and welfare of those who are to be affected by our presence and our conduct. For we cannot live an hour without helping or hurting some fellow-being. Since no one can have a whole world to himself, we must study how to dwell together in comfort and according to justice. The man who "wants the earth" is sure to make an injurious use of what he gets, be it little or much.

It is said that no good citizen will make the public streets and parks less pleasant to the eye by scattering paper or rubbish over these common ways and pleasure-grounds of the people. By the same principle, we are all forbidden to make the world harder, sadder or less agreeable for any of its inhabitants. So far as our influence, our consent or our conduct may go, we must promote such customs, arrangements, laws and institutions as will secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

Here lies the reason for all genuine reforms. Unless our social adjustments operate as helps to welfare, they are sure to operate as hindrances. The human environment may be as poisonous as foul air, or as unfavorable to personal freedom as crowded streets are to rapid transit. The ideal aim is to place all benefits and all best things within reach of all sorts and conditions of people; so that if any fail, it shall be through their own disability or neglect,

and not because others have robbed them of fair and equal opportunities.

This sacred principle of social justice is violated whenever one pushes his private advantage to the injury of others; whenever the interest of a corporation, a party or a sect is allowed to override the common welfare; whenever any of us insist on having our own way and will, regardless who may be hurt. The love of the neighbor, or the spirit which enables us to look to "the things of others" as well as to our own, would regenerate the world and bring an answer to the prayer that God's will may be done here as in heaven.

The same principle will some day be regarded as the source of true national glory, and will be found at the heart of international law. There is a fine passage in the writings of Mrs. Browning, though her own country people have sneered as it as visionary and unpracticable. She says: "I dream of the day when a statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England, having courage, in the face of his countrymen, to assert of some suggested policy, 'This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your dominion; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people far off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity, therefore away with it!'" The silly and miserable jingoism which thinks to make a nation great and prosperous by bullying and impoverishing others must give way to the broad and generous justice which fosters friendly alliances, promotes reciprocities, and welcomes a fair exchange of benefits. Nations as well as individuals must "live and let live."

We can find ample room to apply this rule within our own borders, between the sections and rival interests of our common country. In the large way, and the long run, we must prosper or suffer together.

But the law of love, by its Christian interpretation, is also the law of sacrifice. It develops in us the mind of him who was willingly poor that others might be made rich, and who found it even more blessed to give than to receive, and who fitted himself to receive only that he might have the more to give. Have we not verified this in a thousand times? Do we not find many occasions every day to deny self in little ways for the sake of others? What else do we mean by courtesy or politeness? And if, in the economy of nature and the broad working of general laws, we are often obliged to forego our own gratification, and even to endure privation and hardship, in order that others may be protected and prospered, what worthier offering can we make to God or man than to rejoice that we are counted worthy to find our gain in loss? Here, indeed, is health and salvation; for "a heart at leisure from itself" and glad in the good fortune of others can never be fatally sick nor wholly sad. Do you know the beautiful lines which Caroline Atherton Mason entitles "En Voyage?"

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

"My little bark sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering haven at last.

"Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE STILL HOUR.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-a-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"
—*From the Christian Intelligencer.*

Many dear things of providence He hands to his little ones by each other. Sometimes how can he reach them else? And sometimes whom can he use but you and me?—*W. C. Gannett.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law, not because it stands instead of other things,—truth, justice, and so forth,—but because it leads on to these, and supplies the moral motive power for them.—*Brooke Herford.*

Matter has its laws, but the laws of mind are stronger, can overcome those of matter; and over all is Spirit with its laws, breathing through mind and matter, and moulding them in its own likeness.—*Selected.*

God's beauty, truth, right, power, are continually pressing for entrance into all souls in the universe, and as much enters each as it will allow. But, as the light that enters is affected by the quality of the window it passes through, so it is with the light of God shining into human souls.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

With the resistless might of spring,
That from dark winter's bondage breaks,
Through fear and doubting let us wing
Into the light God's service makes!
The world were easy to redeem,
Would Faith dare do what Love dare dream!
—*E. B. Betham.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass., "Ethics of the Dust," Ruskin; "An Attic Philosopher in Paris"; "The Faith of Men," London; "Methods of Mind-Training"; "The Professor," Charlotte Brontë; "Light in Dark Places," Newman Smyth; "The New Chemistry," J. P. Cooke; "Life of Wendell Phillips"; "Lamps and Paths," Munger; "The Man without a Country," "Neither Scrip nor Money," E. E. Hale; "The Chime of the Bells"; "King Noanett," F. J. Stimson; "Greifenstein," Crawford; "Selected Stories," Daudet; "Kate Carnegie"; "El Fureidîs."

Poetry.

Stevenson's "Poems"; "The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems"; "Classical and Heroic Ballads"; "The Princess," Tennyson; "Hymns and Meditations"; "Sunshine in the Soul" (sacred poetry); "Quiet Hours" (sacred poetry); "Pearls of the Faith," Edwin Arnold; George Herbert's "Poems"; "Poems of Sorrow and Comfort"; "The Biglow Papers," Lowell.

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

Any person who will pay freight on a barrel of books and magazines may receive same by addressing Mrs. George E. Trimble, 123 Chambers Street, Newburgh, New York.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—While of others you are thinking, won't you sometimes think of me? I am a farmer's wife with four small children, all girls. I often feel lonely and wish for a book and papers, anything interesting to read, for myself, husband, and children. I would be very thankful for some picture books for the children. Mrs. Susie Turner, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D., Patrick County.

2. Dr. J. F. Campbell would like more reading. He has the *Outlook*. His present address is La Follette, Campbell County, Tennessee, R. F. D.

3. I have just had the pleasure of becoming a member of the Society, and now I should be so glad to receive some reading matter. I have no access at all to any library, and I am very fond of reading I

shall gladly hand on to others what is sent me. I should be particularly glad of copies of the *Metropolitan, Harper's, New Monthly, Munsey's*, or any of the popular magazines, and of any of the newer books of which we hear so much, but cannot see. My best wishes for all the members of our society. Miss Mary Merryman, Rustburg, Virginia.

4. Mrs. Anna Hansberry, Ione, Oregon, asks for "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Hallam Succession."

5. Mrs. E. A. Clark, Levant, Maine, wishes "Children of the World" and "Children of Nations" for school work.

6. Since I wrote to you, I lost everything by fire and I now write again asking for help. I have a Loyal Temperance Legion that meets at my house every week. There are sixteen members, we are all poor, and everything we need to work with costs a lot. Now I ask some of the kind friends to send us a Teacher's Bible, a Dictionary, Temperance Recitation Books, anything that I can use in my Legion. I thank all who have sent me reading matter. The *Cheerful Letter* has been a comfort to me. I now have a nice library in circulation among the neighbors. Mrs. C. E. Merrell, Box 140, Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

7. I would like to receive books, magazines, or any good wholesome reading for myself and husband. He is sick a great part of his time. We are not able to buy reading matter. Mrs. C. H. Adams, Locust Grove, Virginia.

8. I wish, through your little paper, to thank sincerely all who have so kindly sent me reading in the past, and to request that they continue to do so in the future. I would like any books or magazine that is printed in coarse print, as I am sixty-three years old and my eyesight is failing me. Mrs. Mary Brown, Dellaplane, North Carolina.

9. Mrs. T. L. Miner, Teslton, Oklahoma, asks for reading for men who work on the railroad. At times she has nine of them in her family who would spend their evenings at home if they had suitable reading.

10. I would be glad that some one would send me "The Life of Washington," or some good history, and "What is a Gentleman?" and "Scientific American." I will be glad to receive any good books and papers. Wade H. Brooks, Unionville, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. Lucy Greer, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading, especially magazines, for her nephew, Herman Steelman.

12. Mrs. Roy Thompson, Tom Bean, Texas, asks for "Ben Hur," or any reading for her two boys, twelve and fifteen years of age.

13. I would be glad to receive "St. Elmo," Miss Evans; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," *Ladies' Home Journal*, beginning January, 1906, also *Ladies' World*, 1906. I will appreciate any thing that may be sent. Address, Mrs. Ellen Oliver, Franklin, North Carolina.

14. Mrs. Belle Blackey, Pelican Rapids, Minnesota, would be glad to get good reading, especially of the Far West or frontier life. She reads to others who enjoy that sort of literature, and what she receives is freely given them.

15. Miss Winifred L. Bridge, Dade City, Florida, will be glad of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1906.

16. Jennie Taylor, Brevard Industrial School, Brevard, North Carolina, would be glad of a few good books or new magazines.

17. Mrs. A. Payton, Tolar, Texas, asks for reading for her two boys, ten and twelve years of age.

18. Ruth Laurence, Dillon, Montana, would be glad of a copy of the "Odyssey," or of "Sigurd de Volsung."

19. Anise Beverly, Wadesboro, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1, asks for *Delineator*, 1906.

20. Mrs. N. A. Coleman, Idem, Virginia, asks for Bible Stories.

21. The *Century* for 1906 is asked for by M. P. Tinslee, Forest Home, Albert, Virginia.

22. Miss Della Thomas, Amity, Oregon, will be glad of any reading, which will be used by many others.

23. I would be so glad to get either *McClure's* or *Munsey's* for either 1905 or 1906. And I should also like to get "Lorna Doone" and "Stepping Heavenward." I have a friend who is anxious to read "Ben Hur." Mrs. N. U. Brodie, Lynchburg, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 4.

24. I would be very glad to receive "The Leopard's Spots," by Dixon, and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Mrs. Rice. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister would be very acceptable. I wish to thank all who remember me with literature. Ethel V. Bishop, Stuart, Virginia.

25. Edith Patton, Brookville, Pennsylvania, will be glad of "The True Science of Living," and the magazine, *Medical Talk*.

26. Vivienne Turner, Whitesight, Texas, R. F. D. No. 6, asks for *Woman's Home Companion*, 1906.

27. Will you be so kind as to send me a few books such as "Religious Training of our Young People," and "Business Enterprise in Religion"? I will appreciate them very much. Miss Emma Little, Bunyan, North Carolina.

28. Nannie S. De Shazo, Price, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1, twelve years old, would like reading.

The address of Mrs. L. S. Owen is New Siboney, Oklahoma. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson is New Parkville, Michigan. Mrs. Bertha Dennis is Cowden, Illinois.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

ONE STANDARD FOR BOTH SEXES.

Josiah Allen's children have been brought up to think that sin of any kind is just as bad in a man as in a woman, and any place of amusement that was bad for a woman to go to was bad for a man.

Now, when Thomas Jefferson was a little fellow he was bewitched to go to circuses, and Josiah said:—

"Better let him go, Samantha; it hain't no place for wimmen or girls, but it won't hurt a boy."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with just as pure a heart as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger eyes and ears, and if Thomas J. goes to that circus, Tirzah Ann goes too."

That stopped that. And then he was bewitched to get with other boys that smoked and chewed tobacco, and Josiah was just of that easy turn, and would have let him go with 'em. But says I:—

"Josiah Allen, if Thomas Jefferson goes with them boys and gets to chewin' and smokin' tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Ann a pipe."

And that stopped that.

"And about drinkin'," said I, "Thomas Jefferson, if it should be the will of Providence to change you to a wild bear, I will chain you up and do the best I can for you. But if you ever do it yourself, turn yourself into a wild beast by drinkin', I will run away; for I never could stand it, never! And," I continued, "if I ever see you hangin' 'round bar-rooms and taverns, Tirzah Ann shall hang, too."

Josiah argued with me. Says he:

"It doesn't look so bad for a boy as it does for a girl."

Says I, "Custom makes the difference, and we are more used to seeing men. But," says I, "when liquor goes to work to make a fool and brute of anybody, it don't stop to ask about sex; it makes a wild beast and idiot of a man or woman, and to look down from heaven, I guess a man looks as bad layin' dead drunk as a woman does."

Says I: "Things look differently from up there than what they do to us. It is a more sightly place. And you talk about looks, Josiah Allen. I don't go on clear looks; I go on principle. Will the Lord say to me in the last day, 'Josiah Allen's wife, how is it with the soul of Tirzah Ann? As for Thomas Jefferson's soul, he being a boy, it hain't of no account.' No, I shall have to give an account to him for my dealins with both of these souls, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was pure for a man.

"I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song as for a girl, or worse, for he had more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace to him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah Ann or me to hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and swearing, and slang phrases, and a knowledge of question-

able amusements, but in layin' holt of every duty that comes to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face, in helpin' to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' the most and the best of the mind and soul God has given him.

"In short I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine, and that God's angels are not necessarily all she ones."—*Samantha Allen.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH.

The most interesting bird since my last report, one of the most interesting for a long time, was found on the morning of May 12. I was following a path along the bank of the Charles River, on the watch for migratory warblers—the advent of which constitutes our great May function—when I started suddenly at the sound of a dry clippity-clip, such as I had not heard for five or six years, or since I was spending a spring vacation in Virginia. It came from not far away on my left, and I set off in all haste to look at the bird, which, unless I was badly befooled, could be nothing less than a summer tanager. In my mind's eye I saw it already, a gorgeous vermilion or rose-red bird, that I had never met with, or expected to meet with, anywhere in Massachusetts. My first sight of it had been in Florida, eight years ago, and my last was at Natural Bridge, two or three years afterward. Here was time for forgetting, it might have seemed; but that peculiar call, clippity-clip-clip, was not a thing to slip easily out of mind, nor, so far as I knew, was it to be confounded with anything else.

It proved to be a short chase. The sound was soon just before me, and the next moment a bird fluttered from one tree to another. What means this? I thought. Is it possible that a veery, or any other thrush, has notes of that quality? For the bird, seen thus in a flash and on the wing, might have passed for an exceptionally bright veery. Another moment, however, and I had my eight-power field-glass focussed on the stranger (no glass is too good at such a time), and it was indeed a summer redbird, or rose tanager, though not by any means the radiant, gayly dressed creature for which my eyes had been looking. It must be a young male, I thought, in unsettled plumage, the orange-red of the lower parts, especially, being laid on in an irregular, streaked manner, very bright only in spots. Meanwhile the bird remained in full sight among the low, leafless oak branches, near enough, with the glass's help, to show all details, and still emitting at short intervals its nervous polysyllabic signal. It had begun to feel lonesome, I imagined, and perhaps to realize that it was lost. Twice, at least, it dropped to the ground, and once it brought up a beetle. Its wings were dusky olive, a fact which surprised me until I got home and consulted books.

I stayed by it till it flew away, and even then, after walking a piece in another direction, I went again in pursuit of it, to no purpose.

Here was a bit of most enjoyable excitement. The species appears to have been seen in New England, first and last, a good many times, but according to the latest list (by Messrs. Howe and Allen) the number of Massachusetts records is only five. My Newton bird may therefore claim the honor, such as it is, of counting as number six.

The recollection of this wanderer, as I think of it now, a few hours after the event, calls up vividly my first bird of its kind, in a neglected orange grove overhung by lofty, wide-branching live oaks draped with festoons of gray Spanish moss. This was near the shore of the Hillsboro River. How splendidly the red bird shone among the glossy leaves! I have the whole bright scene before me; the orange trees—in bloom, or so I see them; the oaks, almost worth going to Florida to walk under; the blue river, and beyond it, on the farther edge of the narrow peninsula, a few tall palmettos looming, here one and there another, above the line of low sandhills.

And in the very nick of time, while I was pencilling this paragraph of Florida reminiscence, I rose and went to the window, without knowing why, and there directly before it, in the slender top of a tasselled gray birch, sat, not a summer tanager, but his still handsomer cousin, our own scarlet tanager, scarlet and black, the first of the year, and one of the most brilliant of any year. "Who talks of summer tanagers?" he seemed to say. "Look at me." And I looked. May is a good month.

This was at five o'clock in the afternoon. During the day I had been out of doors for at least five hours. Rose-breasted grosbeaks, newly come, had been warbling here

and there, but to my disappointment not a sign had I found of the scarlet tanager that should have come with them. And behold, here he stood, looking in at my window. Nobody could have planned it more dramatically. Yes, May is a good month. If it only lasted longer! If the birds did not seem to carry it away on their wings!

Every day now brings birds of its own. To-day, besides the two kinds of tanagers, and the rose-breasted grosbeaks, I have heard my first warbling vireo—at his old tune in a treetop—and have seen my first kingbird and my first redstart, each by himself and silent.

Three of these new-comers are among the most brilliantly beautiful of all things that fly; the scarlet tanager, the rose-breast, and the redstart. They are equally beautiful; each so beautiful that it would be hard to imagine them more so. So I think, at all events. And still, if I were put to it, I suppose I know to which I should give the palm. I should vote for the redstart; a bit of pure loveliness; a jewel on wings—jet, shining black, pure white and flaming orange-red. His diminutive size and his incessant activity make him the more engaging; and perhaps these considerations are uppermost in my mind when I proclaim him (not as if the matter were of the least consequence, or as if my judgment were better than another man's), even more beautiful than the grosbeak and the tanager. They are a gorgeous trio; and they are all here, to be seen any day by whoever cares to look at them.

Let it be added, that there is one thing always to be said for the grosbeak, with all his gay dress he is a singer among the finest. The rules are broken in his favor. For a combination of bright feathers and a sweet voice there is no New England bird to match him.

With us he is pre-eminently a bird of May. He remains through the summer, but for a week or two in the spring he is several times as abundant as he will be later, and he is almost incessantly in song. If you go out to gather violets and anemones, columbines and shadblow, or even if you go to catch fish, or to dig in a garden, or to ride a bicycle, or to paddle a canoe, you will be pretty certain to hear his smooth, billowy warble out of some treetop not far away. You may not know the singer; you may even be obtuse enough to mistake him for a robin; but consciously or unconsciously, knowingly or ignorantly, unless you are deaf you can hardly fail to hear him.—*Bradford Torrey.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(*Continued from last number.*)

"What the poor want is not patronage, but sympathy," was his own axiom, and when the poor saw him driving into their "slums" with his carriage full of toys for the neglected little ones, when, on the great day of the year—"the day in the country"—they saw him moving about among them, with a kind word here, and a little pleasantry there, and a smile for all; when, in their times of sickness, he sat by their bedsides, and read to them from the Scriptures; when he promised to see them again, or send them books, or interest himself in other ways for them, and, notwithstanding the many promises of this kind he made, *was never known to leave one unfulfilled;* when they found that he could trust them, finding tools for one to get employment, advancing money to another till his first wages fell due; when they were confident that if a poor flower-girl, or little children in distress, called at Grosvenor Square to tell their troubles to "the good Earl," they would never be turned away; when they knew that, by day and by night, he went to the common lodging-houses, and sought out men and women, tenderly reared, who were hiding away from family and friends, and would not give up a case until he had seen them reconciled, and, perchance, brought home again; when the bare walls of those miserable lodging-houses, on the day after his visit were made gay with bright pictures to produce the semblance of a home-like look; when, as some of them told him of cruel wrong or heart-breaking sorrow, they saw the tears pour down his face, and heard his faltering exclamation, "God help you, poor dear!"—it is no wonder that they almost worshipped the ground upon which he trod, and that his name was held in veneration in every hovel of Whitechapel and Westminster.

How widely that name was known among the poorest of the poor few ever imagined.

At a large gathering of costermongers, laborers, tramps, and others, held in Westminster, a gentleman was anxious to test what knowledge people of this class had of great public men. He referred to one who, though well advanced in life, and pressed with a thousand engagements, could yet find

time to write hymns in Latin, and translate them into Italian; but there was no recognition of the person from the description; nor again, when half a dozen of the leading men of the day were referred to in a similar manner; but when the speaker only hinted at "the labors of one whose name is revered in the factory districts as the friend of the poor and the oppressed," there was immediately a loud clapping of hands; and when the speaker, to make sure that they understood asked them, "I suppose, by that applause, you know to whom I refer?" there was a ready response—"Lord Shaftesbury."

Another gentleman, in another place, having indirectly referred to the work of Lord Shaftesbury without mentioning his name, was surprised to find himself interrupted by a storm of applause. It was clear the applause was not for what he had said, but for the man of whom he had spoken. Pausing in his address, he said, "And what do you know of Lord Shaftesbury?"

"Know of him!" answered a man standing up in the audience; "Why, sir, I'm a sweep, and what did he do for me? Didn't he pass the Bill? Why, when I was a little 'un, I had to go up the chimbleys, and many a time I've come down with bleeding feet and knees, and a'most choking. And he passed the Bill as saved us from all that. That's what I know of him."

But what could the poor generally know of him? it may be asked. Let one illustration, from a hundred that might be quoted, suffice to answer. "When visiting the Day School, which he frequently did," says Mr. George Holland, of the George Yard Ragged School, Whitechapel, in a letter to the writer, "he would go the round of each section, would notice the lessons the children were learning, and kindly encourage them to persevere. He frequently noticed the pallid faces of many of the scholars. Speaking to a poor boy one winter's day, he asked, 'My man, what is the matter with you?' The boy replied, 'I have had no food for some time.' 'How long have you been without?' 'About twenty-six hours.' 'Twenty-six hours!' said the Earl, 'why, you must be fainting; no wonder you look ill.' 'Oh, that's nothing,' said the boy. 'I have gone without, two days, afore now.' That day the Earl spoke to all the children, and many were without necessary food. Going to a little girl he asked, 'And are you not well, my dear?' 'I'se hungry—I'se cold,' she replied. 'And when you have food, what does mother give you?' 'We has the same as mother. We has bread and water, and sometimes a little tea, but mother can't always afford that.' 'Poor child,' said the Earl, 'why, you have hardly any clothing to cover you.' He left the school-room and entered into one of the small rooms. Presently I followed. I observed tears trickling down his face. 'My Lord,' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'George, those poor children! Poor, dear children, how will you get on with them?' I replied, 'My God shall supply all their need.' 'Yes,' he said, 'He will; they must have some food directly.' He left the building, and entering his brougham, ordered the coachman to drive home. A few hours after, two large churns of soup were sent down, enough to feed four hundred. This continued; and that winter ten thousand basins of soup and bread were distributed to hungry children and their parents; soup made in his own mansion in Grosvenor Square."

If the poor had many memorials of Lord Shaftesbury, he certainly had many of them. Over his bed, in Grosvenor Square, hung a handsome "sampler" worked by factory girls, the first fruits of their leisure hours. The clock in his dining-room was presented to him by flower and water-cress girls. His bed coverlet, under which at St. Giles's he always slept, was made out of little bits of material, with a figure in the middle, and a large letter "S," the work of a number of "Ragged" children. Speaking, one day, at the annual meeting of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, he tried to tell how much he was indebted to these children, and said:—

"I believe I have been pretty well clothed by day and by night by them. I have had all sorts of things made and given to me. I have had slippers and stockings; I have had shoes and waistcoats, and bed linen, too; coverlets, counterpanes—well, everything but a coat; I have had desks; I have had armchairs, and they gave me such a quantity of writing paper, all well stamped, that I assure you it was enough for all my own correspondence for six months. I love it, however, because it has been all called forth from their dear little hearts, and I prize it all, far more than the noblest present that could be given me."

They were words of truth and soberness he spoke when he said:—

"I thank God for the day when I was called, by his grace, to participate in this holy work. Of all the things to which I

have been called by his good and all-wise Providence, there is not one like it, not one that has brought me so much comfort, not one that I can look back upon with so much consolation, that rests with so much joy upon my heart, and there is not one I look forward to with so much hope."

Not less true and not less sober were these words, spoken in 1880:—

"If my life should be prolonged for another year, and if, during that year, the Ragged School system were to fall, I should not die in the course of nature, I should die of a broken heart."—*From "The Life of Lord Shaftesbury," by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Feb. 11, 1838.

My dear James,—I sent you the name of Mrs. E. B. Child, a new subscriber to the *Messenger*, but made a mistake about the directions I gave you for directing her number. She wishes it sent to West Roxbury, care of Joseph Billings. Please alter this in your directing book.

I told Mr. Emerson what Mann Butler said of his oration and asked him to give me one for him, and another person at the same time asked him for one, and he thought he had but one to spare; but that one he said, should go to Mississippi. I thought it would excite his fancy a little to think of its being read in Mississippi. However, he found he had four to spare, and he gave two to me and two to the other person, and I sent one forthwith to Mr. Butler.

I received your letter about Mr. Emerson, and was quite amused by the grounds of your confidence that I should not be injured by his influence, namely, that I was in no danger of carrying originality to excess! This is true, no doubt, and even if I were, I do not think that I should be led that way by his influence. It is not a blind homage that we pay to him; he does not confound us with logic as Mr.——does, nor sing us to sleep like some others that I have known. It is a free yet willing homage.

We have just received the *Messenger*. It is a good number, I think. There are certainly three very good things in it; your article on Carlyle, Margaret's on Homer, and Cranch's poetry to his sister. Indeed I have not read the rest, except the other editorial articles. Pray do not say anything more about peoples not supporting the *Messenger*. If you do have to stop it, it is well to have had it even so long, and you have done your part. You can say what you have to say in another way, and as truth is ever changing her forms, you may infer that it was animated by the soul of truth. I want you to have the pleasure of writing a good review of Carlyle's Revolution, though, before you sing your dying note. It seems to me that it has more life than even anything else of his. It discloses the grandest form of mind—intellectual wealth, without end, and a soul of the largest proportions. The more I read it, the more I see in it. He sympathizes with "the mass" because he sees them as individuals and remembers that they are units, each bearing a heart and a soul, each appointed to live a life and to die a death; he penetrates the causes of the Revolution; he animates the great mass of contradictory facts and sickening horrors with his luminous sympathy. You say truly that he has introduced the new element of *love* into English literature, and it is by the light of this love that the French Revolution first becomes intelligible. It is a poem, almost, in form; for, when he says something that he likes he repeats it as a chorus, and the pictures are masterly. Mr. Mann thinks there is no poem so good between that and Homer, for action and life. By the way, Mr. Mann gave us a lecture on Education at the Newton Lyceum, which was magnificent. You know his concentrated way of talking, and when this energy of speech flows out in a discourse the effect is extraordinary. I was surprised to learn that since the school law was made two hundred years ago, no improvement has been made in the administration of it, except in the cities. Mr. Mann has explored the country districts and found them in a barbarous state of darkness. There is one great improvement lately introduced into education however. They have got into a way of having all sorts of instructive lectures delivered before the Legislature. Mr. Mann lectures them on education and instils noble sentiments on that subject into their minds; Mr. Coleman on agriculture and the importance of encouraging that art—and so on. It seems to me it is a bright idea.

The number of lectures on every subject this winter exceeds belief; all interesting too; historical, metaphysical, phrenological, magnetical, poetical, Emersonical, agricultural, educational, etc. At Watertown,—

even, we have had no less than three courses: Mr. Catherwood on "Palestine and Egypt"; Dr. Smith on "American Antiquities"; Poyen on "Magnetism," etc.

I have caught some Emersonisms for you, which I will send when opportunity offers. I am rather disappointed that in the whole course Mr. Emerson has not touched on the central difficulty of self-culture, on which I hoped to hear something new. I mean how to find out which are the true instincts of the soul to be followed and obeyed; for among the higher ones I find a conflict always in my own case. He recommends to give way to your own individuality as if it were the most sacred duty; yet to do so, one must disobey the voice of conscience often and often, I am sure.

Grandmother wishes to know if you ever read the Baltimore sermons. She wants you to *answer* this question.

AN INCIDENT OF LAST SUMMER.

An incident of this last summer shows the need of education in bird lore. A Boston gentleman, a well-known ornithologist, was rowing one day about a small island near Mount Desert, when he saw a man wantonly shooting from a boat into a nesting-place of terns on the rocks. The tern is a beautiful white sea bird that skirts the coast, flying in wide curves, and by its grace and beauty adding to any seascape which it frequents. The bird-killer was being rowed by a Maine boatman, who was evidently protesting against the cruelty of his fare; but the gunner paid no attention and went right on with his destruction.

The Bostonian, indignant, had himself rowed near enough to add his protest to that of the other; but this did not do any good until one of the boatmen scared the brutal marksman by telling him that the new-comer was probably a bird warden, and as such would report him and a fine would result. On the strength of this assertion he concluded to put his gun down, and was rowed away. The ornithologist then went on to the nesting ground and counted *thirty-one splendid terns* as victims of this fellow's morning sport (?). He said he *did not want the birds*, only *wanted to see how many he could hit*. If that man as a boy had been taught to know birds and love them, do you think he could ever as a man have been guilty of such wanton destruction?—*New York Times.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

MAGIC NUMBERS.

Ask a person under sixty-four to tell in which of these columns his age is to be found. You can then at once tell him his age:

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Here is the secret. When you learn what columns the number is in, simply add the numbers at the top of each column and the trick is done.—*Selected.*

(As it may be made an amusing game without asking impertinent questions, ask a person to select a number, under sixty-four, and tell you what column it is in.—*Editor Amusement Column.*)

I.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Shan't be Min.
2. Ratio carts.
3. O! gild a star.
4. Saint Grimm.
5. Must teach ass'I.
6. Quite near N.
7. Lean cards.
8. R. gave in.

—*The Invalid Lady.*

II.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Easy Square Word.

1. You must do my first before you can guess this square word.

2. Is a kind of flour that very few children like.

3. I will say if you guess rightly.

K. L. W.

III.

INCREDIBLE, YET AUTHENTIC.

Cæsar entered on his head, a helmet on his feet, sandals on his brow, a frown in his right hand, his sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down.—*Selected.*

IV.

OMITTED WORD PUZZLE.

The — is within — jars.
So — in life's —
'Tis — not — who are at —
When — seem — wrong.

—*F. Faber.*

V.

CHARADE.

A boy and girl,
By their nick-names call,
And you have a berry
Well known to all.

K. L. W.

VI.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What royal family do Custom House officers belong to?

2. What is the nearest tie on earth to a man?

3. What three letters would frighten a thief?—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

I. A harmless household cat
In meditation sat
Before the fire upon a winter's day;
She dreamed a golden past,
And felt her tears fall fast,
To think of youth, forever fled away.
But is it gone? Ah, no,
As facts will shortly show;
Two little mice engaged in chat appeared;
Forgot her solemn years,
Up went her mobile ears,—
The mice unto eternity have steered.

II. Crescent (cress sent).

III. Dictionary.

IV. 1. Carp. 2. Herring. 3. Bass. 4. Shad. 5. Trout. 6. Cod.

MORE TAM O'SHANTERS.

The following anagrams on Tam O'Shanter have been sent in by various contributors. Is it not a remarkable combination of letters?

1. That man rose.
2. Start a mo'hen.
3. Sat on her mat.
4. Toast her man.
5. Hart, not Ames.
6. Hast no tamer.
7. Shatter, Mona.
8. Met A. at Horn's.
9. E. T. a short man.
10. That, sore, man?
11. A rat shot men.
12. Tan shoe mart.
13. A monster hat.
14. Shot a marten.
15. That's me roan.
16. A rotten sham.
17. Haste at morn.
18. Mat's a hornet.
19. Roast ten ham.
20. Has no matter.
21. Shorten a mat.
22. N. T. has a motor.
23. Start on a hem.
24. Shan't eat mor'.
25. Tom shan't tear.
26. 'Neath a storm.
27. Hot tears, man?
28. Harm not seat.
29. Haste! Tom ran.
30. Nat's a mother.
31. Hatter moans.
32. O, sent Ret a ham
33. Ret shot a man.
34. Sent ham to Rae.
35. Son, treat Ham.
36. Ma's no hatter.
37. Tot ran. Shame!
38. Hot steam ran.
39. O, the star, man!
40. O Hat! rest man!

Well done, contributors! Can any one send any more? The same letter ought not to be used twice, though we have let one or two stand in which this was done.

When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books.—*James Freeman Clark.*

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good, bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The editor will send to any minister who desires to receive them, the previous numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* containing extracts from the Life of Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist of the nineteenth century.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters for the Cheerful Letter Exchange have now been established at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and the assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, will be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to receive callers.

Hereafter, address all communications, intended for the Cheerful Letter Exchange, "Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass." This includes subscriptions, changes of address, requests for discontinuance, begging letters received by members or branches.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Chairman, Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.